

I Carry Your Heart (In My Heart)

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I Carry Your Heart (In My Heart)

by [cosmonaughtt \(orphan_account\)](#)

Summary

but I open my eyes to signs of life; outside the binary, a fine array of light

Ranboo meets his aunt.

(Part 2/?? Oneshots for [Promised Land](#))
(TRUE ENDING OF PROMISED LAND)

Notes

If any CC ever states discomfort with fanfiction, I will take this down. For now, though, it will stay

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The edges around Ranboo's fingernails are raw from how much he's picked them over the car ride to the other end of town, but it's the only distraction he has from the reality of the situation.

The brief memory of what happened with the Dreamon King flashes through his head, and he picks at the hangnail on his thumb and tries to focus on the music playing over the radio as Phil drives him to meet his aunt.

His aunt.

It had been a single line, from that memory with his parents (his parents, faces he's probably forgotten but the memory will never be forgotten, etched forever in his mind, *Bobbie and Randall, Bobbie and Randall*) , that had sent Phil on the quest of finding Ranboo's aunt. With the names of his parents, Phil spent days calling up friends

"Everyone in this community knows each other," Phil told him once. *"The magic brings us together. Helps us form the community. Even if you hate someone's guts, you'll go to their aid if they need it."*

And Phil did it. He finally found Ranboo's aunt.

There had been a brief conversation over the phone, one that Ranboo struggled to understand because his aunt was just sobbing the whole time— *Oh my god, oh my god, I thought you'd been killed like your parents, I thought you had died, I thought you were gone, Ranboo, but you're here, you're here, you're alive, please come visit, please, I want to see you* – but it was something extraordinary.

He made sure to send a thank-you prayer to God before bed that night.

And the scheduled date had finally arrived. On a snowy day in January, Phil and Ranboo began an early morning trip across the state to meet his aunt. The Dunkin coffee they got on the way was lukewarm, and the bag full of trash kept falling down on Ranboo's leg.

She lived in a cabin deeper in the mountains, one that Phil didn't mind driving Ranboo to. He seemed very calm and collected over the whole thing, but Ranboo can't help but be frazzled over it all.

What if she wants me back? She's my family, my blood family, right? Does she have any say over where I live? What if I have to leave Phil? What if—

The GPS interrupts his thoughts.

"Your destination is on the left."

She does live on a paved road, at least, though one can't really tell with how snow-covered everything is. Ranboo glanced out the front window as Phil turned into a driveway, cursing as a bit of ice almost slipped him straight into the mailbox.

It was a nice house. A log cabin, with a green roof that the snow seemed to slide right off. The two front windows had a nice warm glow to it from the lights inside, while a red pick-up truck covered in snow was parked outside. There was a bench on the porch, but it would be too cold to sit on it in this weather. Ranboo could see many things in the yard covered by about four inches of snow, which was still falling, such as an ax lodged in a tree stump, a tarp that appeared to be covering firewood, and poor, frosted-over shrubbery.

“You ready, Ranboo?” Phil asked, turning his head and giving Ranboo a reassuring smile.

“I– I think.”

“Alright.” There was a pause. “It’ll be fine. Your aunt’s a cool woman– or she was on the phone, at least!”

“I… I hope.” Ranboo’s winter coat was folded neatly in his lap. He held his hand over the door handle, trying to push away the pulling feeling in his chest. He wanted to meet his aunt. The first person to be related to him by blood, his mother’s sister. Too many *what-ifs* were flowing around in his head, and he hesitated.

“Ranboo.” Phil said.

Ranboo didn’t look at him. Just sat with his hand frozen over the door handle. There was a bit of a shake to it.

“Hey, mate.” Phil said, resting his hand on Ranboo’s shoulder and leaning over the center console. “It’s gonna be alright.”

“I- I don’t wanna leave you.”

“What? Oh, no– your aunt won’t take you from us, Ranboo.” Phil softly laughed. “That’s not something you need to worry about, okay?”

“B-But–”

“If it makes you feel any better, she and I talked about it when I first called her. And we agreed you would be staying with me.”

“O-oh.” Ranboo unfroze, wiping tears away that had been forming in the corner of his eyes. “Really?”

“Yeah. Plus, I wouldn’t let her, even if she tried.” Phil pat Ranboo’s shoulder. “C’mon, it’s gonna get cold in the car. I’ll be with you, mate.”

Ranboo nodded, and opened the car door. The cold of the air hit him immediately, and he doesn’t waste any time throwing on the winter coat before Phil follows, and they trudge through the snow of the un-plowed driveway and sidewalk to the front door.

Phil took the initiative and knocked on the door. It was the same shade of green as the house– a nice shade of green. There was a crest of an amaryllis flower engraved on the front.

After the first knock (of which Phil did three, *knock-knock-knock*), there was the sound of a dog barking. *Dog? She has a dog?!* It was a lower pitch to it, and there was a muffled *I'm coming, one second, Ozzie, get back-*

And the door open.

Ranboo couldn't see his aunt's face— the details, as usual, are murky and faded. But she has the same kind of hair that he does, the thick black hair with a few streaks of gray-white pulled into a short braid that hardly goes past her shoulders. She's wearing a dark green sweater and brown pants, and holding back a German Shepherd with just the strength of her legs.

"Oh, please! Please, come in, you two. Ozzie, come on." Fern, his *aunt*, his blood-aunt, grabbed the collar of the german shepherd to leave room to let him and Phil in. The dog didn't seem angry— his tail was wagging and his barks were more of a *Hello! Hello! People! People!* Than a dangerous bark. "Ozzie's a bit of a jumper, but he knows the word "down", if he decides to listen to you."

The inside of the cabin was quaint and warm. A small living room with a fireplace and old furniture, and a kitchen in sight. There was a teapot on the stove and the smell of something sweet freshly baked in the house— some sort of apple sweet— and everything was lit by the glow of a

Another dog was stretched out on the sofa— a basset hound with her feet stretched in the air, completely oblivious to the sound of Ozzie's barking.

Once they were able to get the door shut behind them, Ranboo looked at his aunt. Fern looked at him.

"Oh, you look just like your mom, Ranboo." Tears began to fill up the corner of Ranboo's eyes, and she leaned in for a hug. Ranboo took it. She felt like home, in the same way that Phil's house had when he had first visited. *Home, home, safe. Home. My aunt.* She was crying a bit, too, Ranboo could tell from the tone of her voice as she— just as tall as he was, tall genes must run in the family— hugged him tight. "I thought I'd lost you that night, just like I'd lost her and your dad."

He didn't say anything. He just smiled, and they pulled away from the hug. Fern looked at him, and then back to Phil. "Thank you, Phil."

"When I heard Ranboo still had a living family member, I couldn't just *not* look for you. I'm surprised it took as long as it did."

It took like three days— Ranboo smiled, and was immediately tackled by Ozzie.

"Oh, Oswald!" Fern chided as the German Shepherd stretched up to give Ranboo large, wet kisses. "Down, boy, down!"

"It's fine!" Ranboo said between laughs, nudging the dog down. He was good about it, but the dog still reached up to cover Ranboo's hand in slobber. "Hi, Oswald."

The dog wagged his tail back.

"He says hi, too." Fern laughed. "Oh, it's terribly cold out— can I get you any kind of tea, or coffee? I have hot chocolate, too."

"Tea would be great." Phil said. "Green tea, if you have it."

Ranboo nodded. "Hot chocolate, please."

"Of course!" Fern nodded with a smile. She wiped tears away from her eyes. "Feel free to sit wherever— ah, Lana's taking up most of the couch, but feel free to nudge her off."

The basset hound— Lana, apparently— woke up to the sound of her name, rolling over to lay on her stomach. She looked very old, and let out a big yawn after noticing the new people in the house.

Ranboo couldn't sit down— especially after the three-hour car ride— so once he and Phil shrugged their coats off and put them where Fern said they could, he glanced around the small interior of the log cabin. A hallway by the kitchen led to two doors, one Ranboo assumed would be the bathroom and maybe a bedroom? A staircase sat on the other end of the kitchen, with an under-the-stairs pantry that Fern leaned into to get

It was a vintage home. Not in the sort of vintage, quirky way that *his* home was— the mismatched mugs, the photos on the walls, the couch and recliner of the living room not quite matching— but everything felt like it was taken out of a sitcom from the 80s, except for the modern TV over the fireplace.

A photo on the wall caught Ranboo's attention. It was of his aunt and his parents. His parents were dressed up for a wedding— the long, white dress and black suit-and-tie gave it away— while Fern photobombed the photo with a wicked grin, even though her entire figure was blurry. She wore some sort of colorful pantsuit, while a few birds were perched on Fern's shoulders, or hanging on for dear life, by the look of it. Or they were attacking Fern.

"Ah, that was the day your parents got married." Fern explained, noticing him staring at it from the kitchen. "They didn't want boring wedding photos, so they hired some people to release doves in the background. As you can see, it didn't go well."

"Yeah, I can see that." Ranboo smiled.

"I have more photos, too, of them. If you want any."

"M-Maybe." Ranboo turned back around. Phil had taken to the couch and was giving the dogs attention, and Ranboo walked closer to the kitchen.

He still couldn't believe this was happening, but it was. He had prayed for so many years to find a family, and had given up a long time ago. But now, here he was, in the cabin of his aunt, with his adopted father, surrounded by family, blood and water.

The tea kettle on the stove whistled, and Fern spun on her feet to take it off to fill up the three mugs. Just like his house, they were all mismatched, from different

"I'm going to keep saying this, but I can't believe I'm seeing you in person right now." Fern said, passing the mug over the couch to Phil, who pushed Ozzie down so he could drink. "I was so sure... But Bobbie was smart, putting you in the care of Anne like that."

Ranboo nodded.

"If I had known that's where you were, I would've..." Fern clenched her fist, and took a sip of her own tea. The hot chocolate she made was amazing, and were it not so hot Ranboo would be chugging it. "But you're in a good house now, Ranboo. And if you ever want to visit, my door is always open for you. I don't have much of a guest room, but feel free to visit whenever, alright?"

Ranboo nodded. She didn't seem too intent on taking him from his family. *Good*. Granted, Ranboo wasn't much of a fighter, but he'd faced the Dreamon King once and got out alive. He's still afraid of a lot of things but the fact he survived *that* was a bit of an ego boost.

"Plus, if your gift is teleportation, you wouldn't have to worry about driving, right?" Fern added, with a laugh.

"I guess." He'd never tried a distance like *three hours in a car* before, but maybe he could try again one day.

"What a fascinating gift, by the way. I've never heard of anything like it."

Magical gifts are weird, Techno told him, once.

Sometimes it's genetics, sometimes it's random— either way, they are a gift from the Universe and are meant to be, Phil said.

Wind powers are pog, Tommy added.

...That last one wasn't meant to come up in Ranboo's mind, but it didn't, anyway, leaving Ranboo with a smile.

"U-uh, if I can ask... What were...?"

"Your parents' gifts?" Fern smiled. She looked at another photo on the wall— it looked like a family photo, of his mom and Fern posing with a nun. "Your mother's gift allowed her to manipulate memories. She could remove them entirely, but she didn't like to, so if she ever used it, it was to implant things in other people's heads."

That explains the weird vision I had of her, then, Ranboo thinks back to the Incident. He isn't sure how she made it directed to him, though. Maybe her spirit, her soul, was able to stay in the memories in order to tell Ranboo the truth?

"Your father... he had quite the interesting one." Fern bit her lip, to try and hold back a laugh.

"What was it?"

“His...” A laugh escaped. “His entire body could become elastic, so he could stretch his arm across to the wall from here.” Fern explained. “Oh, I need to get you some photos of that, the amount of times he accidentally tied himself up in his own body.” There was a soft, somber smile on Fern’s face.

“That’s... Wow.” *Mind and matter, then? Must be how mine is a combination of both...*

“Yes, he was quite the performer, too.” Fern took a sip of her tea.

Ranboo took a sip of his hot cocoa.

Phil, still on the couch with the dogs, laughed as Ozzie got up in his face.

“What about... uh, you?” He’s never known if asking *oh hey what are your superpowers* is a rude question— most of the time, he’s had it explained to him or shown. Wilbur’s was shown to him, Phil explained his, just like Tommy and Tubbo did, and Techno’s he pieced together eventually (but also asked— but that was about the same time he was “adopted” so he had a reason). “Uh, your gift. Not if you’re a performer.”

Fern laughed again, her face hidden by the mug, but he could see her smile hiding behind it.
“It’s not as cool as your parents.”

“I think all gifts are pretty cool.” *He wasn’t even expecting to have one himself, yet, there he was. Strange how that works.*

“Well, okay. My gift allows me to understand what animals are saying. That’s why I work as a veterinarian— it’s easier to understand what’s causing them pain when they can just tell you.” She winked. “Oh, Ozzie, please leave Phil’s face alone!”

The dog whined back, and Ranboo wondered what he was saying.

It didn’t feel like a whole day had passed, but suddenly, it was over.

Fern had found old scrapbooks that she had made before his parents had died. There were a few photos of Ranboo in them as well, memories of birthdays and vacations that were long forgotten. Fern gave him one of the scrapbooks to keep, one full of photos of him and his family shortly after he was born.

He couldn’t imagine being a *baby*, but there he was in those photos. He couldn’t recognize himself, but he was told it was him.

The scrapbook, he later learned, was a gift for his mother, Bobbie, after Ranboo’s second birthday, when his mother turned 32. Two years of memories that Ranboo didn’t have, but the rest of his family had, instead.

There were photos of his birth. His first two birthdays. A vacation to the beach, when he was a year-and-a-half. His family, smiling in all the pictures.

He couldn't make out the details, but neither could Fern. He wasn't alone in the face blindness, though hers was less severe than his, apparently.

So much had happened. Not just over the past day, but as Ranboo gave Fern a goodbye hug, gave the dogs big ol' pets, and followed Phil back out into the snow and the car, scrapbook in hand, it was finally starting to settle down.

The moon was high in the sky. It was only a crescent shape, but he imagined that it was smiling down at him.

He was finally, finally, *finally* home.

End Notes

It is so strange to think how much your life can change in a year. On February 14th, I posted the first chapter of "Promised Land" (back then, called something completely different) because it was the first time I had written, finished, and been proud of something after a year-long case of unfortunate burnout and writer's block. I thought it was a little silly, to be honest-- a fanfiction based of characters that people roleplay in Minecraft.

I never would have expected... this.

Over 104k written words in the span of three months, dedicated to a story that had latched on and wouldn't let go. More than 150k hits, 6813 kudos, and so many comments that I always tried to keep up with as I released each chapter. My first ever completed fanfiction.

And although my muse has left me stumbling in the dark again, just like I was last year, I couldn't not finish something for Promised Land's first birthday. As a thank you, to my readers, for sticking around the story. Sharing it with people. Engaging with me here, and on Twitter, and probably Tumblr too but I got locked out of that account again on accident--

So, yes. Thank you. Without your support, Promised Land wouldn't actually be a thing. It would just return to the back of my mind, adding to the pile of stories that constantly grows every time I start a new piece.

I hope 2022 treats everyone well. I will see you guys whenever I write again. Thank you forever, for the patience and support.

Love,
Cosmo

(p.s.

follow me on [twitter](#)

p.s.s.

listen to bears in trees. now. this is a threat.)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!